

## BUDGET OF FUN.

## The Material Fire.

There's more suffering and sin connected with vice moring fire than any other domestic calamity in the business!

If the withering sickness of the atmosphere and the fiendish coldness of the oil cloth aren't enough to make a man sick of his present existence, the subsequent half stilled wheezy objugations of his wife are, when she tries to make him believe that the house is full of smoke, and she's sure it'll smother!

"Oh! shades of Job! Will woman never come to realize the amount of anguish that can be crowded into the life of a man by her stubborn and illogical ideas on the question of fire building?"

Her own woes are grievous, she makes us think sometimes, when she meets us at the door with a look of martyrdom and unspoken suffering in her countenance and her finger comfortably tied up in a rag!

It's a stick of wood she was putting into the stove and of course jammed her bread mixers in trying to get one in that was one third larger than the door made for it to go into.

And you'd think that there was never any more joy in this world, by the way she goes about the house for a day or two.

When she passes your chair when you are reading your *Gazette*, she heaves a sigh and stifles a moan and when you start with a shudder and look at her she just gazes at you a moment—silently, piteously—and contemplates the rag!

Poor creature! As much as to say you don't half appreciate her trials.

But she is majestically oblivious to the fact that when you built the fire that very morning you started two blood blisters, tore a nail half off and made two fingers on your right hand look as though a pile driver had been danc-ing on them.

There's worse afflictions for a woman in this world than squeezing a dear little finger in the stove door, and one of them is getting up these cold mornings to build the fire.

But we never saw a woman yet that knew enough to think so, or that had sense enough to get up and do it.—*Kaukauke Gazette*.

## Heroic Conduct of a Police Officer.

As Bill Karns was standing in the corner grocery, last Wednesday, he was approached by a worthy individual in great apparent agitation, who informed him that in the absence of the family a burglar had effected an entrance into John Virgin's house and was at that moment going through a trunk of valuable.

Bill only stopped to ask one or two questions and was off on the wings of the wind. He matured a plan of action as he went. Going cautiously to the door he applied his ear to the key hole. Hush! The robber was talking to himself. Hear what he says:

Voice within.—In mutual love and reverence to refuse admittance!"

Bill here signified his desire for admittance by gently rapping.

Voice within.—To all jealousies, and debar the entrance of your heart against dis-trust!"

Bill here punctuated his former request with a tremendous thump on the door.

Voice within.—Sh-h-h-h!"

William—"No, you don't; can't come no hush game on this child!" and with that he planted both feet against the door with such force as to shake the house to the foundation.

Here the door suddenly opened and Mr. Virgin appeared and mildly remonstrated with a gentleman of Mr. Karn's supposed respectability for interrupting a marriage ceremony.

"Marriage? By—" "Hush! There's a minister in there."

Carnes softly stole away and balmy breezes wafted back a gentle cadence which was sug-gestive of the monosyllabic "sold." He now wishes the following advertisement inserted:

"WANTED—FIVE DOLLARS' WORTH!"—"To know the precise locality of that man that said burglar!"—*Parbury Independent*.

In a recent number of *Notes and Queries* we find an anecdote of O'Connell.

The late John Brainerd Scriven, though not a lawyer of the first class, was a very able man and in constant employment, and was brought into collision with O'Connell. Mr. Scriven had the misfortune of being a very ugly man, but he was as good-tempered as he was ill-favored. On one occasion, after he and O'Connell had been sparring in court for their respective clients, Scriven said, as they were leaving the court:

"Well, O'Connell, I wish you and I were better friends than we are."

"Why so?" asked O'Connell.

"Because I wish to go to Killarney."

"And what have I got to do with your going there?"

"Just this, that I am afraid if you found me down in your own country you'd get some of your followers to throw me into the lake."

"Indeed I would not," said O'Connell, with a polite bow, "and for this simple reason, you would drown the fish."

I say, Murphy, what's the meaning of mystery? Faith, I was reading the paper, and it said 'twas a mystery it was done." "Well," said Murphy, "Pat, I'll tell ye. Ye see, when I lived with my mother, a little goossoon, they giv a party, and we want to market to buy somethin' for the party to ate, and among a lot of things she bought a half a barrel of pork, ye see. Well, she put it down in the cellar, bless her soul, for sale kapin', till the party come on, me mother sint me down in the cellar to get some of the pork, do ye see, well, I went down to the barrel and opened it, and fished about, but divil a bit of pork could I find; so I looked around the barrel to see where the pork was, and found a rat hole in the bottom of the barrel, where the pork had all run out and left the brine stand-ing, do ye see?" "Howl on, Murphy! I should on't wait a bit, now tell me how could all the pork git out of the barrel, and laye the brine stand-ing?" "Well, Pat," said Murphy, "that's what I'd like to know myself, do ye see; there's the mystery."

"Father," said a young lady of the new school to her indignant spouse, as he resumed his pipe after supper one evening, "you must buy our dear Georgiana an English grammar and spelling book. She has gone through the French, Latin and Greek, music, drawing and dancing, and now must com-mence her English studies!"

The friends of a wit expressing some sur-prise that with his age and fondness of the bottle, he should have thought it worth while to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said.

"They began to say of me that I drank too much for a single man."

The Peoria *Reformer* says that a lady teacher in one of our public schools was amazed the other day by seeing a perfect forest of juve-nile hands fly up in the air and gesticulate with violent agitation. "What do you want?" queried the puzzled instructor. "Chorus—Your hair's falling off!"

If the wind blows this way for another hour," said a captain on board of a ship in danger of being wrecked, to a passenger who was a clergyman, "we shall all be in heaven."

"God forbid!" was the prayer answer of the divine.

## THE PLANO

## BREEDING ASSOCIATION

Announces the following

## Valuable Stallions for Service

During the season of 1873, at the

## Barn of L. Steward, Piano, Ill.

## PANIC

A beautiful Bay, eight years old, 16½ hands high, weight 1350 lbs. Can trot better than 240 when in condition. For form, style and way of going, is second to none.

**PEDIGREE.**—Pinto by McGregor's Warrior; his dam by Blackwood, a half sister to the dam of Toronto, died. His sire, Blackwood, was a son of the famous stallion, Goliath, and was an imported stallion supposed to be thoroughbred.

Pinto has proved himself a trotter getter, having sired some of the best Trotting Colts in Canada, one of them having trotted better than 230 as a four year old.

## REVENGE

Thoroughbred, a Golden Sorrel, 16 hands high, 1750 lbs. Can trot better than 240 when in this country.

**PEDIGREE.**—Revenge by Imported Monarch, 1st dam.

Fashion, by Imported Fins, 2d dam, by Sir Anthony, 3d dam, by Imported King, 4th dam, by Max Anthony, 5th dam, by Imported James, 6th dam by Imported Monkey, 7th dam by Imported Silver Eye, 8th dam.

Pinto was the most celebrated Race Mare of her age, winning 31 out of 35 races, 21 of which were four miles, and was the first mare to win the Canadian Derby, and the first mare to win the fastest race in the country.

Fashion is the daughter of a son of the famous

Blackwood, a son of the famous Goliath.

Both horses are from the same brood.

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